

NEARLY KILLED BY INDIGESTION

Restored To Vigorous Health By
"FRUIT-A-TIVES"



South Royalton, Vermont.
"About three years ago I began to suffer with indigestion. Food soured in my stomach, causing me to belch, and I had terrible heart burn, with pains in my chest and arms. My heart became affected; I had shortness of breath; the action of my kidneys was irregular, the secretions scanty and scalding.

I was knocked out, and good for nothing, when I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' and sent for a box. I used a few and thought, 'well, they will turn out like all the other remedies I have tried' but to my surprise and gladness, I noticed improvement and I continued the use of 'Fruit-a-tives', (or Fruit Liver Tablets) with the result that a dozen boxes made me feel like a different person."

CHAS. F. HARTWELL.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At dealers or from FRUIT-A-TIVES
Limited, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

FROM COAST TO COAST

A Remarkable Chain of Home Testimony. And Barton Adds Its Voice to the Grand Chorus of Local Praise.

From north to south, from east to west; in every city, every community; in every state in the Union.

Rings out the grateful praise for Doan's Kidney Pills.

50,000 representative people in every walk of life.

Public testimony to the quick relief and lasting results.

And it's all for the benefit of fellow sufferers.

In this grand chorus of local praise Barton is well represented.

Well-known Barton people tell of personal experiences.

Who can ask for better proof of merit?

G. W. Good, blacksmith, West Glover street, Barton says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are very good. I have used them many times and they have always done me a world of good. I have used Doan's when my back pained and when my kidneys were out of order. They never failed to give me the very best of results, and I am glad to recommend them."

Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Good had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

EDUCATION
ALBANY
BUSINESS
COLLEGE
EMPLOYMENT
THE CAPITAL CITY SCHOOL
ALBANY, N. Y.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL
FRANKLIN OIL

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Thoroughly tested. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Commissioner's Notice.

Estate of Elizabeth E. Beede.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Elizabeth E. Beede, late of Barton, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby gives notice that he will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the residence of F. A. Parker in the town of Barton, in said District, on the 15th day of April and 15th day of May, next, from 1 o'clock a.m. until 4 o'clock p.m., on each of said days, and the six months from the 15th day of March for said creditors to present their claims to said Commissioner for examination and allowance. Dated at Barton, Vt., this 29th day of Mar. A. D., 1921.

E. E. MATTHEWS,
F. A. PARKER,
Commissioners.

Love Works Miracles.

The cure for all ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows and the crimes of humanity, all lie in the one word "love." It is true the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life to each and every one of us, it gives the power of working miracles if we will.—L. W. Child.

The Portrait of Every Day Saint

Sunday School Lesson for April 3, 1921.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn. In the place of their self-content. There are souls like stars that dwell apart.

In a fellow-less firmament; There are pioneer souls that blaze the way.

Where highways never ran But let me live by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

So sings Sam Walter Foss of his ideal man. And this 12th chapter of Romans is Paul's picture of the same Every-Day Saint.

Let us study the character of the man who is exemplifying the art of living right with his neighbors.

HIS MORAL EXCELLENCES

And that is the test, after all, of vital piety. Many a man can be as pious as a saint, church on Sunday, when he has on his Sunday clothes, and there is nothing to disturb him in the sermon, but when he goes out he practically says: "G-d, my religion, I will be back next Sunday."

But what Paul is aiming at is not a fast-day saint, not a Latter-Day saint, but Every-Day Saints. Saints in the shop, saints in the factory, saints in the office, saints in the kitchen, saints in the school. Saints when insulted, snubbed, robbed, persecuted, traduced, and otherwise maltreated.

St. Paul calls the roll of the moral excellences of the Every-Day saint. Let every christian put this measuring line on himself and see how near he comes to being big enough to wear these clothes. This is the measurement: The Every-Day saint is:

1. Modest—verse 3. His emblem is the lamb, not the peacock.

2. Generous—verse 8. You can't be a tightwad and a christian at the same time.

3. Faithful—verse 8. A christian boss needs an extra supply of grace.

4. Genial—verse 8. Some men can be spiteful even in showing mercy.

5. Sincere—verse 9. There is a good deal of hypocrisy masquerading in the name of love.

6. Industrious—verse 11. A lazy christian is a fraud.

7. Sympathetic—verse 15. We ought to be able to laugh or cry at the case warrants.

8. Enthusiastic—verse 11. A christian should be a lightning express instead of a slow freight.

9. Magnanimous—verse 10. The true christian is a booster, not a knocker.

10. Optimistic—verse 12. The sun always shines above the clouds.

11. Devout—verse 12. He wears out his knees of his trousers sooner than the seat.

12. Forgiving—verse 20. The coals of fire the Every-Day saint heaps on the head of his enemy, does not burn him up, but melts him down. There are a lot of people who would like to interpret that text literally, but even the people who stick to a literal interpretation of the Bible, would scarcely undertake to treat their enemies to a shovel of red hot coals.

One has to use common sense even in the interpretation of the Scriptures.

St. Paul in this chapter is laying down the rules by which a christian ought to be guided while living with others. That is the problem; we have to live with others. When a man is converted the safest thing would be to take him straight to heaven, before he has a chance to backslide. But the Lord's way is to send him right out as a lamb in the midst of wolves, and keep him as safe from their jaws as Daniel was in the den of lions, an angel giving the beasts a lookdown during the whole time that the prophet was incarcerated with them. We have to live with people, whether or no. And whether we live at peace with them, or at war with them depends on us more than it does on them.

There are professed christians whom nobody can live with but the Holy Ghost. They are not worthy; they are other worldly. They remind us of the summit of Mount Everest, covered with perpetual snow, white, cold, glorious in the distance, but never yet reached by man.

MAN A SOCIAL BEING

Now man is a social being. The creator said in the beginning: It is not good for him to be alone. People who climb up on stilts to get near God, get away from him, for he is down here on the ground where his people are. And when a man gets so holy that he is obliged to draw his garments around him to keep them from being soiled by contact with the vulgar throng, by so much he gets away from the pattern man who went out of his way to touch with healing the leper, the adulteress and the gaffer.

The virtues and graces of the christian life are developed by contact with other people. Our rough corners are knocked off and we are smoothed down by friction with other corners.

It may be crossing to our pride to discover that we have to "keep off the grass," and quit removing "the ancient landmarks," and obey the speed laws, and that personal liberty ends where the other man's nose begins, but after all the other fellow has to observe the same rules, so we might as well take it smiling. It is possible that contact with crooked, cross-gained, and annoying people may be a part of a providential plan for the perfecting of the saints.

A STRIKING COMPARISON

St. Paul in this chapter compares society to the human body with its many members. We are thrown together in this world not like a pile of bricks, but like a physical system, eyes, hands, feet, nose, ears, vitally joined together, mutually interdependent.

In the human body, when the stomach gets out of harmony with the rest of the system the whole man suffers. What if there is an internal revolt, there is external commotion. The head cannot say to the foot, I have no need for you. A good lively corn on the little toe will make even a preacher exasperated. It is absolutely imperative that all the organs of the body shall function properly if there is to be peace in the system.

It is that way, says Paul with society. There are head men, all brain, and hand men all muscle, and feet men all movement, and eye men all vision, and ear men all receptive, and mouth men all speech. Nevertheless the man who wears broadcloth and the man who wears overalls are brothers. Neither of them has a right to say: I have no need of you. Scepter and shovel are brothers. Satin and gingham are sisters. The

man who carries a dinner pail and the man whose dinner is brought on a silver salver have no right to scowl at each other. No man is independent of the society from which he came and to which he belongs! Such an isolated life is as difficult to imagine as the grin on the face of the cat in "Alice in Wonderland" that stayed after the cat had gone! As Harry Emerson Fosdick puts it: "We are members one of another. Out of society we came, to it we belong, from it we are not separable. 'Is it true,' some one asked, 'that all the people of the world could get into the state of Texas.' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'if they were friends.'"

This chapter is strong medicine for those who have heart disease. It will either kill or cure. But there is no other panacea for the ills of life.

SLAT'S DIARY

Friday—the teacher was xplaining about histry & Alexander the 1st & Ceezer & Cannibal and etc. then she ast Jim what age is this & he said his pa called it the short age. he cant find a cook or a house nor nothing else or a washing woman. I seen Jane & we had a big hart to hart tawk relating to what all she was a going to do when she gets big and gets married. I sed joking I sed would like to be the bride groom at her wedding & she answered & replied I mite be the usher. I got mad & sed I wood ush I guy clean out of the room. meaning Ted.

Saturday—They was a woman at are house tonite with is studying to be a lawyer & she sed O I wish God had made me a man. pa whispered to me that he gess he had made her a man but when the man got a peak at her he made his get a

Sunday—when I was a starting to Sunday school ma ketchad a hold of me & looked at my ears & neck & so forth. then she up & ast did you clean your neck & ears I sed Yes, ma, just like that. She sed no you didnt they hasent been any water on them ears today I xplained what I had been told that day cleaning was so much sanitarier so I just used a towel. was late to S. skool.

Monday—Ester is mad at me because when she was singing she turned to me & sed Did I think they was enny thing cud keep her out of grand Opry & I sed just I thing. she sed What & I replied to her Yure voice.

Tuesday—after the social tonite which we had went to ma sed. Pa sed: What did he sed. Pa sed: Greys dress? Pa sed it was fine. Ma sed: Why they wasent nothing to it. The conversation was very quiet from then on excepting me & the dag.

Wednesday—I had to give a curant Event & told about Alaska getting her freedom from Italy & Teech er sed that was the 1st she ever herd that Alaska belonged to Italy. I sed that was the 1st time I ever had told it. She says I am improving & that try to answer questions ennyways.

Thursday—Pa joined into another secret order tonite, ma sed he belongs to most everything now excepting the B. V. Ds or some lodge with a lot of letters in it.

SOME ODD FACTS ABOUT COAL

Material Is Not Always Black in Color—Colliery Merely Derivation From Coalery.

A colliery used to be called a coal-ery. Coal-meter is an old name given to one who superintended the measuring of coals. Coalstone is a species of hard, opaque, inflammable coal, which does not soil or dirty the fingers when touched. It is jet-black, and can be cut. Brown coal has been found at Bovey, Devonshire and on the Continent. Coal-hod is an old-fashioned name for scuttle. Gas light can be traced back over 200 years. A Mr. T. Shirley, in 1669, attributed a burning well at Wigan to the presence of coal underneath it. Just about this time a Mr. Clayton procured gas by distilling coal. Practical lighting, however, came very slowly. In 1792 a Mr. Murdoch illuminated his house with gaslight, and a very poor show it is said to have been. He lived at Redruth, Cornwall. In 1802, Birmingham, in celebrating the peace of Amiens, brightened up a large factory with gaslight. Thousands journeyed to see the wonderful sight—which led to gas-works being established at that place, and in Manchester and Halifax.

—Montreal Herald.

HE HAD SOMETHING COMING

Postmaster Quite Ready to Rejoin After Satisfactory Financial Settlement Had Been Made.

When J. K. Paulding was secretary of the navy he wrote to the postmaster of a small village in the South as follows: "Sir: This department wishes to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up." The answer came back: "It don't. It runs down." The postmaster general was informed of the affair and failed to see the humor of it. He wrote a letter to the postmaster that said: "Sir: Your appointment as postmaster is hereby revoked. You will turn over funds, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor."

In no wise put out the postmaster once more took up his pen and the postmaster general received this: "The revenue for this office for the quarter ending September 30 has been 65 cents; its expenditures, same period, for candles and twine, 35 cents. Please instruct my successor to adjust balance."

Sandwiches at \$125.

One dollar and twenty-five cents is now the price of a sandwich in New York city. Like a number of other things that have gone up in price the present-day club sandwich among the wealthy New Yorkers is a very elaborate affair. The ground plan, base or foundation, is of bread. From it rise a number of artistically arranged strata. First, there is turkey sliced from the breast of a Philadelphia bird; next a layer of ham, nominated as from specially cured and nuffed Virginia swine; in a sort of mezzanine relation to these are balanced leaves of New Jersey hothouse lettuce and wafers and Connecticut green peppers. The entire combination is roofed with another slice of bread.

Plants in Bedroom.

Do not have flowers or plants in the bedroom, particularly overnight. Poisonous gas is evolved from the colored parts of flowers both by night and day, and from the green parts in addition at night. It is pleasant to have flowers in a guestroom, but for the reason just set forth they should not remain in the sleeping chamber. The way to get around the difficulty is by the use of a window box.

The Soldier's Bride

By HAZEL SMITH

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Impossible!" shouted old Colonel Saunders, chewing at his steel-gray mustache; and for the first time during forty years of active service he actually trembled. The horror of this was more overpowering than the hiss of the Moro bores when, drunk with bhagh, they closed in upon the skirmish line. "Impossible!" he muttered, and sank back into his chair.

Outside the hot sun of the Philippines burned the parched land, sending its scorching rays into the white-washed house in which he sat. Upon the table in front of him his orderly had placed a closely typed document of five pages. It was the findings of the court-martial which had sat on the preceding day. It had passed sentence of death upon a certain William Gilfoxy for having joined the Moro forces and fired upon his former comrades. If Colonel Saunders affixed his signature to the document the death sentence would be carried out—not a year hence, nor a month hence, nor a day hence, but now.

There was death in the quiet air, in the hushed expectancy of the camp; in the rows of white-washed cells in the barracks also, and in the barrack yard, where a grim post, like an enormous carpenter's square set upright, cracked as the executioner tested the mechanism of the trap.

"His sweetheart!" muttered the colonel again. "I can't see her—I won't see her, Walters. Tell her—"

"May I come in?" inquired a gentle voice outside, and a girl entered—a typical American girl, such as is to be met in thousands in the little towns and villages of the New England states.

"I am Miss King," she said, smiling happily at Colonel Saunders. "I suppose William has told you that—that we are to be married here, now that his term has ended." A slight blush suffused her face. "But they told me in the barracks that Mr. Gilfoxy had gone to Manila to meet me there," she said. "It seems a dreadful mistake, doesn't it?"

Inwardly the colonel blessed the forethought of his men.

"But I am so glad that he has served his country with honor, and has come safely through these terrible dangers," Miss King continued. "He was—well, a little wild. But he has redeemed himself, as I knew he would. Congressman Lathrop—" she hesitated. Then, seeing the colonel's look, and mistaking it, she continued: "He told my father that William would be safe under your care, Colonel Saunders. That is what everyone says about you at home."

In the brief moment that elapsed before he answered her a thousand thoughts rushed through the colonel's brain. A minute ago he had actually dipped his pen into the ink preparatory to signing the death warrant. Now the act seemed impossible. He thought of Gilfoxy—he had been wild, but a good and brave soldier, conspicuous in many engagements until the devil of loneliness that was eating out his heart summoned the drink devil to his aid, and the two together fuddled the boy's brains until he turned traitor and disgraced the regiment and his country.

He might have saved him by a few kindly words.

"Excuse me, Miss King," he said abruptly. "Pray be seated. I will be back in a few minutes."

Inside his cell William Gilfoxy was seated beside his cot, staring vacantly through the bars at a wisp of blue. When the colonel entered he started as a man awakening out of a dream. The colonel sat down beside him upon the plank bed.

"Gilfoxy," he said quietly, "your sweetheart is here."

Gilfoxy looked hard at him.

"She hasn't been told?" he said impulsively.

"Not yet, Gilfoxy."

The boy smiled bravely. "I think it would be best to have it done as soon as possible," he said. "But, sir—must she know?"

"She shall never know," answered the colonel. Then he bent forward and took the boy's hand in his.

"Gilfoxy," he said, "you have taken no life. It was not you who betrayed your country—it was your devil. A cavalry troop leaves for Santos this evening. You will accompany it and there take the train for Manila."

Gilfoxy half rose, and suddenly sat down again and burst into tears.

"I ought to die," he sobbed. "She will never—"

"She will never know anything," the colonel answered, completing the sentence. He called to the jailer.

"Private Gilfoxy is pardoned," he said. "Bring him his uniform and set him free."

"Yes, Miss King, you will have to go back to Manila," said Colonel Saunders five minutes later. "If we had known you were coming—well, we might have made different arrangements. There will be a cavalry troop leaving for Santos, the terminal, tomorrow afternoon. Till then you must be the guest of the regiment."

He passed his hand over his eyes, and, suddenly seizing his pen, he scrawled "Verdict: disappointed" across the paper. He looked up. "Tell Congressman Lathrop that I shall try to live up to my reputation henceforward," he continued.

PLEASING THE MAID.

"George," said the hostess to her husband, "will you ring the bell and tell the social secretary to serve lunch?" Then she answered the look of surprise on the faces of her guests. "I really keep her by calling her that, you know. It pleases her, and after all she does do the tutture."

CALEDONIA COUNTY

WEST BURKE

Mrs. Josephine Bigelow is visiting in Orleans.

Miss Ruth Leach spent several days in Montpelier last week.

Miss Annie Gallagher is spending the Easter vacation at home.

Frank Humphrey of St. Johnsbury was a visitor in town last week.

G. A. Jamieson and H. C. Colby spent Thursday in St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Wallace Bowman of Orleans visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Elgia Foster, and Mrs. Alice Gray were in Newport one day last week.

Professor Davis of Wilmington was the week-end guest of Miss Ethel Leach.

Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Coe visited in Woodville, N. H., the latter part of last week.

Leon Jenkins spent last Thursday and Friday with relatives in St. Johnsbury.

The Ladies' Aid society will serve a dinner at the church on Thursday of this week.

Mrs. Clarence Taylor and daughter, Marjorie, are visiting relatives in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Wallace Houghton of East Lyndon visited at B. H. Marshall's one day last week.

Miss Carrie Marshall is home from her school at Lyndonville for a vacation of two weeks.

Mrs. Nettie McCoy is at home from her school at Woodville, N. H., for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. B. A. Amidon of East Haven visited her daughter, Mrs. Earl Roundy, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Emma Uttin, who has been at Brightlook hospital for treatment for several weeks, is at home again.

Mrs. Seymour Hunt of Barton was the guest of Mrs. Abby Humphrey and Mrs. Fanny Sargent last Friday.

Mrs. Sylvia Donahue is at home again, after spending most of the winter with her son, Wayne, in Island Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Townsend and Dr. Dale Atwood and family of St. Johnsbury spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Roundy.

Mrs. Eva Cheney and Millard Cheney won the prizes at the whist party Thursday evening. There were seven tables and everyone seemed to have a good time.

The Easter service Sunday morning was greatly enjoyed. The music was unusually good and most appropriate to the occasion. The sermon on "Easter Joy," had a message for all, and the beautiful spring flowers brought hope and cheer to those who love God's great out-of-doors.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

Raymond Buck has the chickenpox. Loren Jenkins is working for Durward McShane.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Murray visited her parents Sunday.

School has closed here on the Ridge for the spring vacation.

John Chevier has taken Mrs. Geo. Rice's sugar place to carry on.

Will Curtis from Boston is visiting his brothers, H. M. and E. E. Curtis.

A. V. Abar has been quite sick this week with an ulcerated tooth and neuralgia.

Ernest McShane, who has been in the hospital for several weeks, came home Saturday night.

Mrs. W. C. Curtis and little son, Malcolm, visited at H. M. Curtis' and G. H. McFarland's last week.

Charles Dunklee, after taking a two weeks' vacation on account of illness has returned to G. H. McFarland's.

Mrs. O. E. McFarland is gaining a little. Mrs. Margaret McCann, who has been staying with her, was called home Monday by the death of her little grandson, Harold Lavasseur, who was drowned Monday in Sleeper's river at St. Johnsbury. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Lavasseur in the loss of their only child.

SHEFFIELD

Charles Sheldon has pneumonia.

Mrs. Frizelle is sick with the grip.

Arlene Blake of Lyndon is at the home of her father for a few days.

Billy Peck and Leonard Thomas are in Greensboro this week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fountain visited at Fred Hubbard's in Lyndon Sunday.

Theda Sheldon and Miss Fairbanks were in Montpelier and vicinity last week.

Mrs. Davis and children of Lyndon Center visited at Chas. Blake's recently.

Harold Niles and little friend of Lyndonville visited at Sumner Eastman's the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chesley are rejoicing over the birth of a child. Mrs. Fred Craig of Sutton is caring for her daughter, Mrs. Chesley.

Charles R. Dwyer was absent from the institute last week on account of a lame shoulder caused by falling off a sled about two weeks ago.

Herman Sheldon has run the cream truck every day but three this winter to Lyndonville and return and the truck was laid up for repairs those three days. Can anyone beat that in northern Vermont?

Kiddies' Day

Saturday, April 2

A Special Day for the Little Folks

See our windows for the newest ideas

The Hutchins' Store

Wrong Side of the Square

BARTON, VERMONT

SMITH PAID LESS THAN JONES!